The Evening World Daily Magazine

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Red Cross Flying Squadrons Gave 200 American Women Chance for Heroic Service

Organized in Units by Miss Ruth Morgan for Quick Despatch to Mobile Military Hospitals Where Need Was Most Urgent, They Soon Proved Usefulness by Heroically Rising to Every Emergency Despite Hardships and Difficulties—Now They're Winging Their Way Home.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

THE feminine Flying Squadrons of the American Red Cross are winging their way home, where an appreciative welcome should await them. For they are the two hundred American women—many of them well known in New York—who, during the past year and a half, have been speeding down the long, long trail of war's wreckage and misery in France and establishing a liaison of American cheer and American spirit between our wounded doughboys and the French hospitals, to which many of them were taken.

The Flying Squadrons were organized a year ago last September by Miss Ruth Morgan, niece of the late J. P. Morgan and President of the Colony Club, but who has been serving in France as Director of the Nurses' Bureau of the American Red Cross. It was through her instrumentality that two hundred American Red Cross nurses and nurses' aids were grouped in teams to be sent "flying" over France in motor cars to each mobile, evacuation or military hospital where any American soldiers, brigaded with the French, had been sent. The Flying Squadrons bore with them medicines and food delicacies, but even more valuable, if less tangible, was their cargo of good American smiles and speech to our wounded men, who, completely surrounded by a language they could not understand, almost feared they were in Boche hospitals.

"As soon as our armies were brigaded with the French," explained Miss Morgan, who has just returned to her New York home in Washington Square, "a difficulty arose which had been unforeseen. Wounded and dying American soldiers were being placed in hospitals which were strange to them, and where they were not understood. Our men could not speak French. The French staffs could not talk English. Something had to be done."

The French Service de Sante appealed to the American Red Cross. Alice Fitzgerald, the Edith Cavell memorial nurse, and an American who had lived and travelled much abroad and understood the French hospital system, was delegated to make a liaison between Commandant Verdi Kieber of the Service de Sante and the Paris office of the Red Cross. Under her direction were about two hundred French-speaking American nurses and nurses' aids, many of them well known in New York society.

When the supervising physician of a French hospital found American boys in his wards he would despatch word to Paris, and immediately a flying squadron would be sent to him. At the briefest notice the women in the squadrons sped to any point in France, often hurrying from one hospital to another as the need for their services at any given point was intensified.

"No one but the patients themselves will ever fully realize the tonic these women were," said Miss Morgan. "Men who had gone over the top, who had become unconscious on the battle ground and were carried into a French hospital, woke out of their sick faint fearing they had been taken prisoner by the Germans. When they found they could not understand the language, they were sure they had been trapped by the Boche. When the flying squadrons reassured soldiers, they relieved the French physicians' curative task."

As soon as the flying teams arrived at a hospital improvement in the boys' condition was immediately noticed. In reality it was the cure of a mental condition that these boys stationed in a foreign hospital needed, rather than merely medical attention, as physicians in all the armies have conceded that the French surgeons surpass all others.

One nurse and her aid arriving at Belfort were greeted by an American patient as follows:

"My, I'm glad you came!" Then he added, grimly: "I thought of trying to commit suicide, but they stopped me by telling me Americans were coming."

Further down the corridor a soldier with an arm shot full of shrapnel learned during the respite from his delirium that American nurses had come to treat him. As they moved toward his cot he murmured:

"So glad you found me! I'm lost, I'm lost, but the Red Cross is finding me. So glad!" That alone, the aid in attendance said afterward, was worth the hurried trip that precluded sleeping and eating for eighteen hours.

The organization of the Flying Squadrons was managed by Miss Morgan, who had the advantage of her experience as head of the Social Service Bureau of Bellevue Hospital, and by the chief nurse of the American Red Cross, Miss Julia Stimson, who was also chief nurse of the American Expeditionary Force and had been chief nurse with the British forces. Miss Stimson co-operated with Dr. Burlinghame, acting chief surgeon of the American Red Cross, and together they planned the teams.

During a terrific push, when men were brought in virtually in hordes, Emily Cross stayed with a French surgeon in the operating room of the hospital two nights and a day without relief, interpreting the nature of the wounds described on the medical cards written by the English and American doctors. Many other girls worked without complaint for stretches of two days and a night. Dorothy Cheney, Mary Hoyt and Miss Barclay of New York all were especially commended by the French surgeons. At Neuilly, Mrs. George Munroe and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt trained many girls as flying aids.

Not only did the nurses and aids work with the physicians, but they stayed in the wards all night, taking messages from the boys to be sent to Red Cross Headquarters and thence home to their families in the States; cooking eggs and chicken over solidified alcohol lamps; preparing condensed milk and honey to ease the throats of gassed men who coughed all night. Often the American nurses brought food to those men in hospitals near the lines to whom the French rations, especially the French bread, were distasteful.

When the Germans were nearing Compiegne, French hospitals were evacuated hurriedly. Two American surgeons, however, refused to go and insisted upon caring for all the patients who could be left in their hospital even though unassisted. Aid came to them unasked from a group of New York women, calling themselves "Mrs. Daly's Unit," since Mrs. George N. Daly of New York headed it. In the group equipped and partially financed by the Red Cross were Mimi Scott and Janet Fish and the Misses Fowler.

All through the drive they stayed on at the hospital, staunchly caring for the wounded, undaunted by the approach of the Germans. There was no delay in decorating the entire unit when it was cited for exceptional bravery.

"In gratitude for the service our troops and our nurses rendered them, French army surgeons doubled their zeal in treating our men in their hospitals," declared Miss Morgan. She received many letters of commendation for the Flying Squadrons from prominent French officials, and many requests for the permanent service of various members of the squadrons which flew with the Red Cross from hospital to hospital behind the battling troops.

Here's Your Hat—Spring Is Hurrying

DISTINCTIVE TYPES OF MILLINERY OFFER WIDE RANGE OF CHOICE IN DESIGN

Aviators Fought Death in Midair From Ignited Bomb in Their Plane

Half Conscious From Deadly Fumes, Their Plane Plunging Uncontrolled, They Won, but Barely in Time to Save Themselves

D'ARTAGNAN of the sky, brave, laughing young Frenchman, in love with the adventure of fighting for the fighting's sake—that is Chignole, as he appears in "The Flying Poilu," one of the most delightful books the war has given us. It is written by Marcel Nadaud and translated by Baroness Huard, the American wife of a Frenchman, who has herself written two books of personal experiences in the French theatre of war.

Chignole had been a slangy street urchin of the Montmartre district in Paris in the days before 1914, and had graduated from his first jobs in bicycle and automobile repair shops to be mechanician in the Aviation Corps. But there was far too little excitement at that post for his taste, so he succeeded in persuading the pilot whose machine he cared for to take him up as aerial observer.

He became the pet of the squadron. He brought down a German sausage by the ingenious device of taking an anti-aircraft gun up in his machine and pointing it downward at the captive balloon, while Fokkers vainly pumped lead at him.

When all the pilots in the squad had been given a day off on account of bad weather, Chignole impulsively took up a machine to charge a visiting Boche plane and drove it off. For this exploit he received the Medaille Militaire, but because, as an observer, he had no right to pilot an aeroplane his Captain felt obliged to punish the breach of discipline by asking Chignole's transference to the infantry. There he expiated his fault by receiving a serious wound in a courageous charge, and was promised reinstatement with his beloved aviators on his recovery.

But probably his most thrilling experience came on a night raid, for which he and his pilot, "Old Charles," volunteered. Chignole desired, as he said, to be "King of the Owls." The other French machine, which started at the same time, caught fire and exploded, killing both occupants, at the very beginning of the trip.

"It's up to us now," Chignole reminded his companion. "Go to it, 'Old Charles!' We must."

Soon they hovered over the German plant, lit by the glimmering lights of smelting furnaces, which they had come out to destroy. They let go their bombs, then turned for home. Came a startling discovery.

"One bomb hasn't fallen!"

"What?"

"Jammed in the slide!"

"Push! Push down on it! Quick! It's ignited!"

"Pull her up then and tip her overboard!"

"A searchlight that had been following us for a long time caught us in its beam," old Charlie's narrative continues. "By manoeuvring brusquely I tried to avoid it.

"Vapors of nitric acid seized my throat and choked me. The bomb being already ignited, the chemical reaction of the liquids which composed it had probably begun.

"I turned around in my seat: Chignole had fainted; his head was hanging out of the cockpit, while the projectile was clasped in his arms.

"Letting go the wheel, I jumped over and grabbed the thing from his embrace. At the same moment an air pocket made my machine tip and I fell over into the cockpit. The gas still stifled me. An invisible hand seemed to be gripping me by the throat.

"'Chignole! Chignole! Help!'

"The biplane, left to itself, continued its course. I was suffocating, my ears rang, things flitted before my eyes, quickly, so quickly, all seemed over.

"'Old Charles! Old Charles! wake up, for God's sake wake up!'

"A hand seized me by the collar, jerked me, and finally I found myself half seated, jammed into a corner between the pilot seat and the edge of the cockpit.

"'Quick! quick! take the wheel Steady her! Look at the altimetre! Fifty yards! Hurry! There is still a chance.'

"Mechanically I seized the wheel, my feet found the rudder bar. By sheer force of habit and numerous reflex movements I managed to establish an equilibrium.

"We started upwards. Chignole wedged in beside me spoke in syncopated phrases.

"'I woke up—I saw you on the floor with the bomb in your arms—I grabbed it, and over she went—what saved me was fainting with my head hanging out.'

"'The draught brought you to yourself.

"'As to you, you had already gotten a whiff of the gas, and what a whiff. But I hadn't time to look after you. Our taxi without a driver was dancing around like a mad animal. A regular tango! So I left my seat and climbed into yours. I curled you up as best I could, and by the way I never saw such long legs. It's time you sawed off a foot or two. So then I tried to get the old thing steady, but we were pitching down at a great rate.'"

They sped on safely and with the coming of dawn—after just dodging, in the fog, some factory chimneys—made a smooth landing at the shed from which they started to be met with a special salute of honor from their comrades.

"The Flying Poilu" is published by George H. Doran Company.

How Our Navy Boys in France Celebrated News on Peace Day

Extra PAULLAC PILOT Extra

GERMANY GIVES UP!

Potsdam Pirates, Shy On Bunk, Decide To Call It End of Imperfect "Tag"

SPECIAL TO THE PILOT:

Paris, Nov. 11—Armistice signed at 5 a. m. Effective at 11 a. m.

THE Paullac Pilot is a little but very live newspaper published by the officers and men of the United States Naval Air Station at Paullac, France. When news of the signing of the armistice was flashed to Paullac the editors in true newspaper fashion rushed an extra to press with a first page result shown above in the photographed headlines.

EVENING WORLD PUZZLES.

By Sam Loyd.

A Puzzling Soliloquy.

WHEN Lord Chumley reached the top of the Great Pyramid and seated himself on the solitary block of stone, he soliloquized as follows:

"From the bottom to the top each succeeding step is one block less in width. On this side of the pyramid, from bottom to top, I have counted 28,920 blocks. Each step is 2 feet in height, so you can tell in a jiffy just how high is the pyramid."

How many feet high is the Great Pyramid?

Answer to Puzzle on the Ice.

John must have skated the mile in 4 minutes to James's 10, being two and a half times as quick, and allowing John to win by 6 minutes.

Fourteen Points For the League of Matrimony.

A SENSE OF HUMOR IS MANDATORY.—NO. VIII.

The Man Who Has One Set of Manners for Use Downtown and Another for the Home Is Uncivilized, but No More So Than the Woman Who Applies Her Courtesy as She Does Her Complexion on Leaving the House.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

WE have all heard that after five years of marriage it does not matter to a man's happiness whether he has domesticated the most beautiful woman in the world or the Witch of Endor. While I do not quite accept this, I am willing to believe that no permanent league of matrimony can be founded on beauty alone. I know too that however complicated and delightful certain human intellects may be, a day must come when one realizes one has been around every convolution of the most brilliant brain so thoroughly that even a vacuum cleaner would not discover anything new in it.

What, then, does last in marriage?

The answer, in my opinion, is good manners.

In the enlightened days of the future when all wives will be selected by a permanent committee of old women, a sort of senate of domestic relations to which I trust I shall be elected if I live long enough, good manners will be rated at least 25 per cent. in marking the examination papers of candidates for matrimony.

Far too many intelligent and supposedly housebroken husbands and wives are shockingly careless, if not rude, in their everyday contacts with each other, and I am convinced that witty and delightful as Bernard Shaw's comedies are they are responsible for this condition. Shaw has had the worst possible effect on matrimonial manners as well as on the relations of parents and children, young men and maidens. He has, in fact, corrupted all the casual observances of the modern family. In "The Philanderer" and "Man and Superman," "Pygmalion," "Misalliance," "Getting Married," "Fanny's First Play," in some degree in every comedy written by Shaw, are evidences that the most scintillating of English dramatists believes that men should be emancipated from civility and women from everything else.

If such a condition should come to pass, and the times are not without indications that it may, the League of Matrimony might as well shut up shop. For the most difficult of social relations has been preserved, so far, neither by law nor morals but by good manners, a sense of proportion and a sense of humor.

I hate to mention the sense of humor, because persons who talk about it so rarely have any. Nevertheless, it is supersolemn individuals who provide newspapers and divorce courts with scandal. Men and women who know how to take a joke rarely call upon the courts to solve their domestic difficulties; in fact they are not likely to have any that require serious consideration.

No woman, for example, who has a ray of humor in her soul could be a vampire. For she would burst out laughing in the midst of her own enchantments. No man with laughter in his heart could go through the pathetic farce of trying to rediscover with an affinity the platitudes of marriage, if I may borrow the immortal phrase of Gustave Flaubert. And as a sense of humor preserves him from believing that Miss Tweedledum can add a single note to the scale of experience sung by Mrs. Tweedledee, so a sense of proportion will save him from tearing down one home to build another with precisely the same materials and according to the immutable design of the same architect. For he tired of playing with blocks before he left the nursery. Good manners, mutually practiced, enable one couple to exist peacefully even after they wake up from the anaesthetic of love. I have always taken the Bible story about the Lord's causing Adam to fall into a deep sleep while Eve was made from his rib, to mean merely that Adam fell in love, and while under the spell constructed with his imagination the creature he later learned to distrust as Eve.

Men and women who marry without love are like those red-blooded children of nature who insist on having their teeth pulled without gas, with the idea that they are being strong and noble.

Their sufferings are their own fault. As for those who do take life with an anaesthetic, some are made sick and some are not. But no person has ever decided to have another tooth out just because the first operation was not a success, yet we all know individuals who take new second husbands and wives after divorcing their first mates.

While under the influence of love nearly all husbands and wives have good manners. It is after they have emerged from the magic spell that selfishness and indifference cause a relaxation of small ceremonials. Some day some one will offer a prize of $1,000 or more to be awarded to the husband who can allow his wife to complete an anecdote without taking it away from her, and to the wife who has never been known to interrupt her husband with the impatient remark: "No, that isn't the way it happened. You've got it wrong. Let me tell it."

Good manners, when they amount to anything, are involuntary. The man who has one notion of behavior to govern his demeanor from ten to five and another for his uptown life cannot be said to have manners at all.

Women who encounter such men downtown feel sincere sympathy for their wives. Yet they say to each other: "If she had brought him up properly he would not yell at his stenographer or talk to women customers with his hat on." "I used to mind going in to talk to the boss because he never took his feet from his desk and used to blow cigar smoke in my face," a woman buyer said to me last week, "but now I feel sorry for him. I know he must have married the wrong woman."

This attitude is universal because women look upon each other as the custodians of manners and they hold wives responsible for a husband's rudeness.

Yet many married women suffer from the secret bourishness of men who appear to be Chesterfields in public. Still more married men are the victims of a wifely belief that manners, like complexions, should be put on just before leaving the house. It has been fashionable for some years for husbands and wives to be rude to each other. It is a fashion which I hope will pass, since no other tendency of modern life so threatens the foundations of domestic happiness.

Every wife cannot be beautiful. But she need be neither beautiful nor brilliant if she will take the pains to be courteous, agreeable and charming, for these qualities are rarer to-day than either brains or beauty and are more permanently pleasing to men.

Here's City That Invented H. C. of L.

TEHERAN, Persia, claims the distinction of having invented the High Cost of Living.

It is alleged that war prices for food prevailed in this old town before Cain delivered the first smashing blow in his surprise attack upon that noted neutral, Abel. It must be true, for there is no other way of explaining the butter. Butter that must have been hoarded away in somebody's cellar back in those days of the beginning of things, is selling here now for $1.25 per pound.

Flour, "Made in Persia," is selling for $55 a barrel, yet some stores, by means of mystic figuring, manage to sell Persian bread for 20 cents a pound. Coal sells for $50 a ton, though it is a local product, being transported from mines only fifty or seventy-five miles away. Donkeys furnish the transport.

Sugar brings $1 per pound, so taffy-pulling parties are not much indulged in. Fairly good coffee may be bought for $1.80 a pound, and tea for $1.65. Flour from Europe, from which real bread may be made, is held at $160 a barrel, and soap, which is classed as an inexcusable luxury anyway, brings anything the merchant can get, many sales at $1 and more per cake being made to foreigners who imagine they have to have soap. A fairly good pair of shoes may be had for $25.

It still is possible to exist pretty cheaply if one has no objection to a constant diet of chicken and eggs. Chickens are produced locally in great quantities, and almost every city dweller has his own feathered flock, so chickens may be had in the market for 80 cents each and eggs for 65 cents a dozen. Sheep, too, are plentiful and city broke, so mutton may be bought for 25 cents a pound. The sheep-producing rural folk find that it would take their whole flocks to buy shoes for the family, so they go cookless and feast on mutton from sun to sun. The butter is too much revered for its age and power to be eaten by the proletariat.

Everything is carried long distances on donkey-back or by camels. An automobile in the streets of Teheran attracts as much attention as would a camel train operating on a New York or Chicago elevated line.

YOKEL CANDOR.

AGRICULTURAL PARISHIONER (wishing to ingratiate himself with the new curate, who has given a lecture on the previous evening)—Thank ye, sir, for your reading to us last night.

New Curate—Glad you liked it, John. I was afraid lest the lecture might have been just a little too scientific.

Parishioner—No, bless you, sir, not a bit of it. Why, we in these parts be just like ducks. We do gobble up anything.—Birmingham (England) Herald.